July 1917

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THE RED CROSS MAGAZINE

Twenty Cents

THE FIRST TO THE FRONT

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It is pure, water-white, and tasteless, specially refined under our control, and exclusively for us, by the *Standard Oil Company* of *California*, which has no connection with any other Standard Oil Company.

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Also an Extraordinarily High Natural Viscosity

which is of supreme importance, since true viscosity is the chief index of lubricating power.

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THE
Red Cross Magazine

The official publication of the American Red Cross

HON. WOODROW WILSON, President HON. WM. H. TAFT, Chairman ELIOT WADSWORTH, Acting Chairman

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MR. HENRY P. DAVISON

Appointed Chairman of the Red Cross War Council by President Wilson to carry on the relief work of succoring the stricken people in the devastated regions of Europe

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The
RED CROSS
MAGAZINE

VOLUME TWELVE | JULY, 1917 | NUMBER SIX

THE RED CROSS WAR COUNCIL

ON MAY 10th President Wilson sent the following letter to Mr. Henry P. Davison, of J. P. Morgan & Co., New York.

THE WHITE HOUSE, Washington, May 10, 1917.

MY DEAR MR. DAVISON:

After consultation with my active associates in the American Red Cross, it has been thought wise to create a Red Cross War Council of seven members, including the Chairman and the Vice-Chairman of the Executive Committee. I have to-day created the council. This letter is to ask you to accept the Chairmanship: a patriotic service which I trust it will be possible for you to perform.

The close coöperation between the American National Red Cross and the military branch of the Government has already suggested new avenues of helpfulness in the immediate business of our organization for war, but the present crisis is larger than that and there are unlimited opportunities of broad humanitarian service in view for the American National Red Cross.

Battlefield relief will be effected through Red Cross agencies operating under the supervision of the War Department, but civilian relief will present a field of increasing opportunity in which the Red Cross organization is especially adapted to serve, and I am hopeful that our people will realize that there is probably no other agency with which they can associate themselves which can respond so effectively and universally to allay suffering and relieve distress.

Cordially yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

Immediately following the action of the President, Mr. Eliot Wadsworth, the Vice-Chairman of the Executive Committee, dispatched the following telegram to all the Chapters of the American Red Cross:

The President has to-day appointed a Red Cross War Council consisting of Henry P. Davison, of J. P. Morgan & Company, Chairman; Charles D. Norton, G. M-P. Murphy, Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr., Edward N. Hurley, with William H. Taft, Chairman, Eliot Wadsworth, Vice-Chairman of the Executive Committee, ex-officio members.

The President to-day issued the following statement: "May 10, 1917. I have to-day created within the Red Cross a War Council to which will be entrusted the duty of responding to the extraordinary demands which the present war will make upon the services of the Red Cross both in the field and in civilian relief. The best way in which to impart the greatest efficiency and energy to the relief work which this war will entail will be to concentrate it in the hands of a single experienced organization which has been recognized by law and by international convention as the public instrumentality for such purposes. Indeed, such a concentration of administrative action in this matter seems to me absolutely necessary, and I hereby earnestly call upon all those who can contribute either great sums or small to the alleviation of the suffering and distress, which must inevitably arise out of this fight for humanity and democracy, to contribute to the Red Cross. It will be one of the first and most necessary tasks of the new War Council of the Red Cross to raise great sums of money for the support of the work to be done and done upon a great scale. I hope that the response to their efforts will be a demonstration of the generosity of America and the power of genuine practical sympathy among our people that will command the admiration of the whole world."

In view of the above it is necessary to modify the plan outlined in Circular A-29.

For the use of the War Council, the National Finance Committee appointed by President Wilson, headed by Cleveland Dodge and Seward Prosser of New York, will raise a great Red Cross

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War Fund through our Chapters. Not a moment must be lost in preparing ourselves to meet the pressing calls from Europe and the emergencies which are soon to confront us here.

Every Chapter should at once mobilize and reinforce its finance committee for this work, which is of the utmost importance and urgency. Call immediately a meeting of your Executive Committee to make far-reaching plans for finance campaign as we look to you confidently for large results. Please telegraph the names of members of your finance committee to Seward Prosser, American Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

You will be promptly and fully advised by Mr. Prosser regarding the plans and methods.

The War Council is organizing to-day. The increasing need among our allies for supplies that can be furnished quickly only by purchase, as reported by Herbert Hoover, and the inevitable development of home needs as we approach mobilization of vast numbers of American troops, make it clear that to meet the unprecedented situation, the War Council must ask that each Chapter retain from the proceeds of the Red Cross War Fund campaign an amount for local needs not in excess of 25 per cent. of the total raised by it. Many of our Chapters, appreciating the situation, will turn over the total amount so raised to the Red Cross War Fund.

The War Council whenever possible, with advantage, will authorize expenditures for specified supplies by the Chapters in their own communities and particularly for the purchase of materials to be made by the Chapters into these needed articles.

The funds as raised are to be deposited by each Chapter in its local bank in a special account to be known as the Red Cross War Fund, to be remitted to National Headquarters as required.

Later the War Council will take full account of the needs by Chapters for local civilian relief which will become greater as our own troops are mobilized.

Please at once call together your Executive Committee and telegraph me assurances of their co-operation in President Wilson's far-sighted plans for our Red Cross. Give this message full publicity.

THE THREE HILLS

(This poem was among a collection of verse on the war sent over from England without any data concerning when or where it was published.—THE EDITORS.)

I

There is a hill in England,
Green fields and a school I know,
Where the balls fly fast in summer,
And the whispering elm trees grow,
A little hill, a dear hill,
And the playing fields below.

II

There is a hill in Flanders,
Heaped with a thousand slain.
Where the shells fly night and noontide,
And the ghosts that died in vain,
A little hill, a hard hill
To the souls that died in pain.

III

There is a hill in Jewry,
Three crosses pierce the sky,
On the midmost He is dying
To save all those who die,
A little hill, a kind hill
To souls in jeopardy.

EVERARD OWEN.

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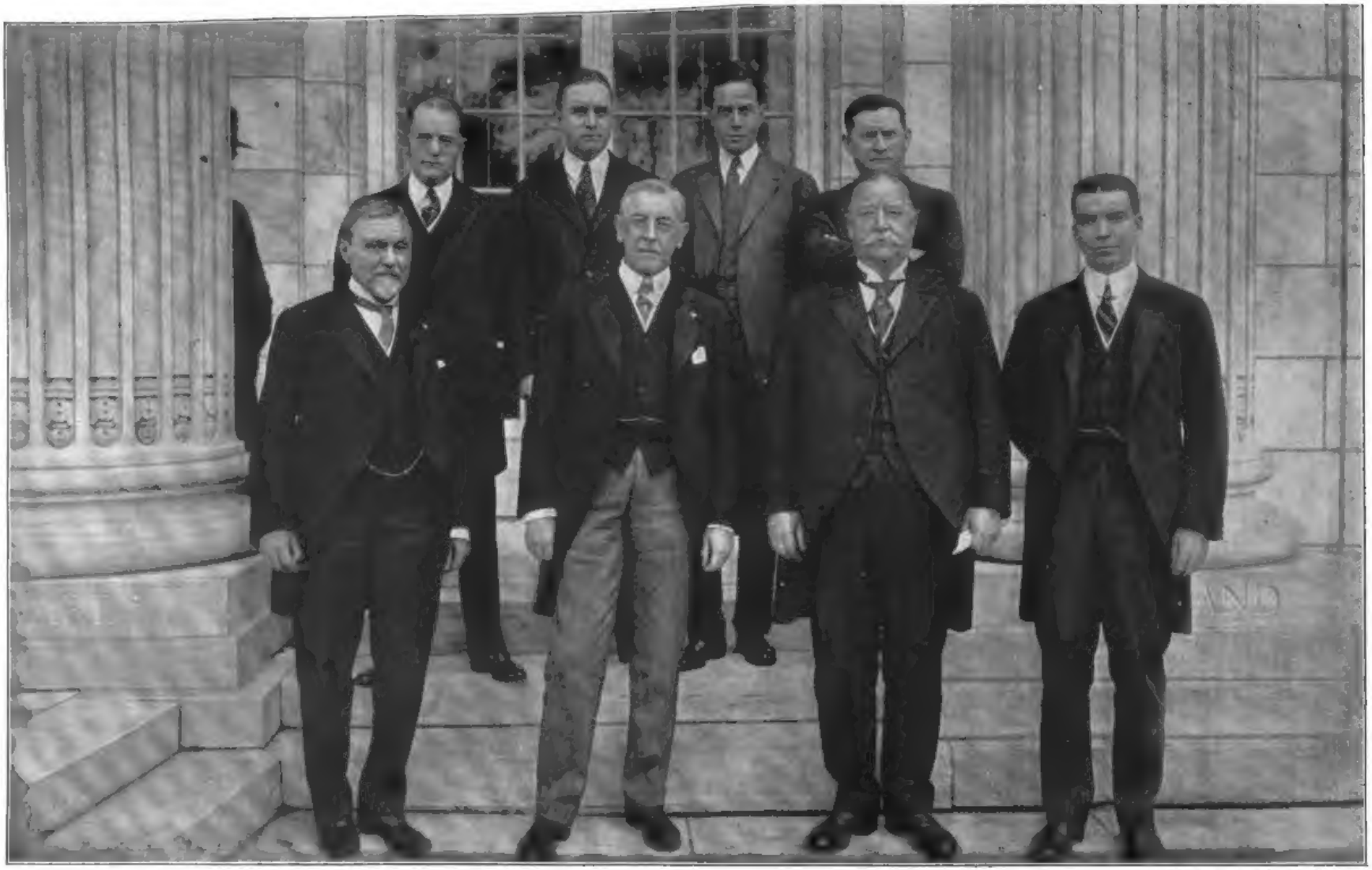

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THE WAR COUNCIL OF THE RED CROSS

In the front row from left to right are: Robert W. de Forest, Vice-President of the Red Cross; the President of the United States; ex-President William H. Taft, Chairman of the Central Committee; and Eliot Wadsworth, Vice-Chairman of the Executive Committee. Top row: Henry P. Davison, Chairman of the War Council; Grayson M-P. Murphy, Charles D. Norton, and Edward N. Hurley. Cornelius N. Bliss, Jr., the other member of the Council, is not in the group

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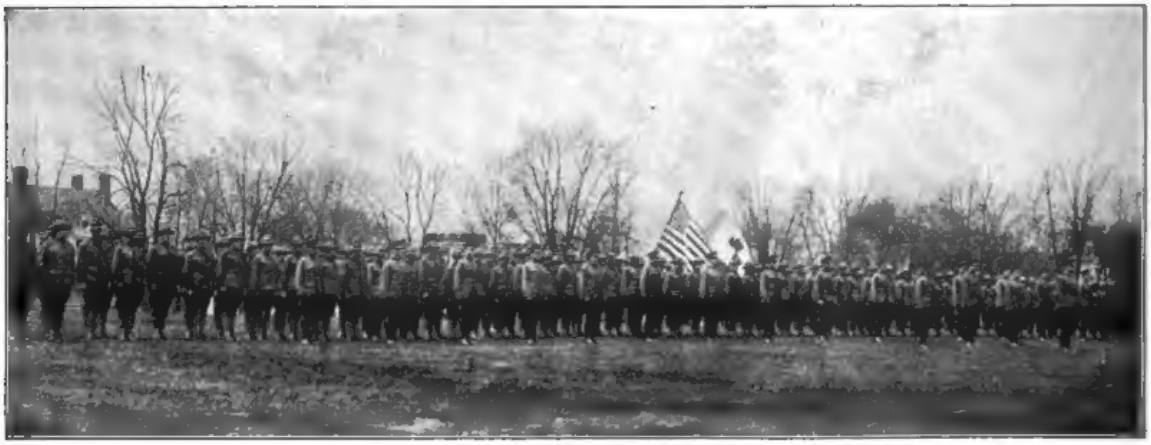
THE FIRST TO THE FRONT



A YEAR ago it would have been impossible to send across the Atlantic Ocean any part of the American Army within thirty days after a declaration of war. This year it was not only possible, but it was done, for the Army, in one respect at least, was ready—that part of it enlisted, organized, equipped, and trained for the Army by the Red Cross.

The first six American base hospitals have been ordered to the front. They are the van of the might of America to be thrown, if need be, to the last ounce into this struggle. They are the best we have, and America can be proud of them.

Six of the leading hospitals and medical colleges of the nation—Harvard, at Cambridge; the Presbyterian Hospital, at New York; Lakeside Hospital, at Cleveland; Pennsylvania Hospital, at Philadelphia; Washington University, at St. Louis; and Northwestern University, at Chicago—furnished the personnel for these pioneer units. The surgeon-directors are all men eminent in their profession, some of them internationally famous—Dr. Harvey Cushing, of Harvard; Dr. George E. Brewer, of New York; Dr. George W. Crile, of Cleveland; Dr. Richard F. Harte, of Philadelphia; Dr. Frederick T. Murphy, of St. Louis; and Dr. Frederick Besley, of Chicago.

The officers chosen to link these staffs to the Army, to take military command of the six hospitals, are all majors in the Army Medical Corps. The War Department came to the Red Cross itself and took Major Robert U. Patterson, who has rendered excellent service as director of the Red Cross Bureau of Medical Service, to be commander of Hospital No. 5, the Harvard unit. Major Elbert E. Persons is in command of Hospital No. 2, from New York; Major Harry L. Gilchrist is commanding the Cleveland Hospital, No. 4; Major Matthew A. Delaney, No. 10, from Philadelphia; Major James D. Fife, No. 21, organized in St. Louis; and Major Christopher C. Collins is the officer in charge of the Chicago Base Hospital No. 12.

The dispatch of these units illustrates for the first time the relation of the Red Cross to the organized military forces of the United States, a relation not clearly understood by the public. The moment these six hospitals were ordered out for service and their military officers were appointed, that moment the command of them passed from the Red Cross to the War Department. The hospitals, while still bearing the Red Cross appellation, became in reality Army hospitals, their personnels being augmented from the Sanitary Service of the Army.

Yet, while the Red Cross lost its parental direction of these hospitals, it did not lose the obligation to continue its fostering care of them. Volunteer funds contributed to the Red Cross had organized and equipped these units; the same volunteer aid must now continue to keep its enlisted creations at the top notch of efficiency by providing the funds for incidentals and the little comforts which the hospitals need but which are not supplied by the Government.

Not understanding this point in the technique of waging war, the richer chapters which have given the thousands of dollars necessary for equipping base hospitals have sometimes felt that they should have a controlling voice in the management of them, even to the point of selecting the officers. Now that war has come it must be obvious that the Government cannot tolerate the slightest invasion of its authority from the outside in its unified machine

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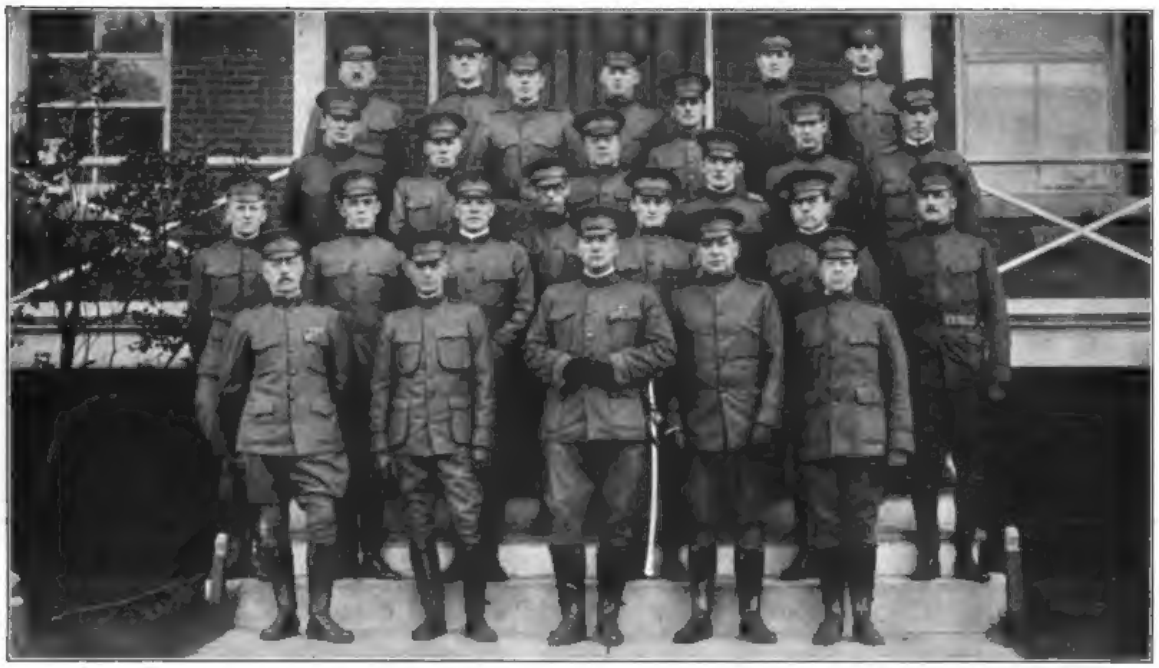

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COMMANDING BASE HOSPITAL NO. 5

Major Robert U. Patterson (centre) in command of Base Hospital No. 5, with the other officers of the unit, which sailed for Europe on May 11th

Does the public realize what an achievement it was to be able to send these hospitals to war almost on the instant there was the demand for them? That they were ready to go on time was due to the organization about a year ago of the Red Cross Department of Military Relief followed by a year of unremitting work on the part of Col. Jefferson R. Kean, the director general of the department, and his aids. Had it not been for that forethought at the Red Cross headquarters, we could not for several months yet have complied with the request of the British Commission for the six base hospitals.

When the Surgeons General of the Army and Navy last year made the request that the Red Cross organize a number of base hospitals, at top speed in peace time in New York where transportation and commercial factors all favored dispatch, it took four months to get together the equipment of two hospitals. Had this work been attempted in the confusion of war, not only would it have been much costlier, but it could not have been accomplished in anywhere near four months.

As it is, we have to show for Col. Kean's year of preparation thirty army and five navy base hospitals equipped and ready, while others are in process of formation.

The declaration of war threw Washington into a tumult of war preparation. The bustle spread to the Red Cross Building, too, but there it was not a bustle of preparation but the hurry of organizing the supply service for a service already prepared.

The units ordered to Europe did not take their equipment with them. That at first will be supplied by our Allies, the dark-age practice of the German submarines of sinking English hospital ships in the channel making it necessary to enlarge the surgical and nursing facilities in France as rapidly as possible. Yet these hospitals could have shipped their equipment, bulky as it is, with but little delay, as the mobilization of the Cleveland base hospital, No. 4, at Philadelphia last October showed. There for the first time the public was shown concretely the extent of a modern war hospital —eleven acres, an area 1,000 feet long and 500 wide, being covered with the tentage. The freight cost on the equipment, which was sent from New York, amounted to $355.15, while the total cost of the mobilization was $5,035.75.

An American base hospital with its 500 beds is regarded as sufficient to care for the sick and wounded of one of our army divisions of about twenty thousand men. Each unit ordered to the front consists of 23 doctors, 2 dentists, 65 nurses, and 150 enlisted men from the Sanitary Service, and in addition a reserve Quartermaster and two officers of the regular medical corps. The seniors of these will exercise military command of the units and the juniors will be the adjutants and act as Company Commanders of the 150 enlisted men in each hospital.

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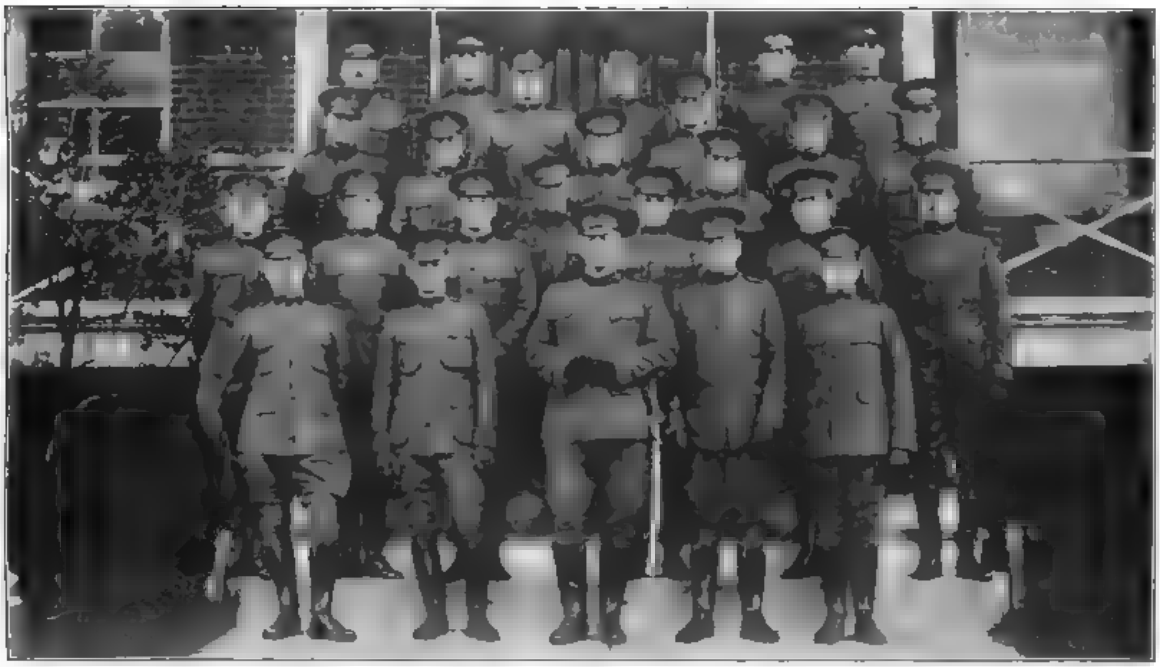

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THE VANGUARD

MILLIONS of years ago our beast ancestors went out to struggle with teeth and claws; thousands of years ago ape-men went out to fight with clubs and slings; hundreds of years ago Greeks and Romans, Franks and Iberians, negroes and yellow men, Malays and red Indians went out in battle-ranks with arrows, pikes, and swords; yesterday hordes of men poured out of Germany and Austria, and to meet them other millions mobilized in Russia, France, Italy, Belgium, Great Britain, and Japan to fight in Europe, Asia, Africa; and to-day I have seen our first contingents off to play their part in this aeon-old drama of war.

But women were among them as well as men. For the first time in history a nation's first levies were made up largely of women. And the men and women were not armed. For the first time in history a nation sent its first forces to battle without sword or shield, without armor or guns. For the first time in history a nation sent out the first of its sons and daughters with empty hands and defenseless breasts to risk the attack of submarines and airplanes and Zeppelins and gas and curtains of fire, and all the mechanical pestilences and machine-made plagues which are the weapons of modern warfare. There was never such a call to the colors as this; there may never be such another again.

We visitors from Washington stood on the deck of the Cunarder *Saxonia*. She was in her war-paint, steel gray and cold and business-like as she lay alongside of the high ugly pier. The May winds whistled over us from the restless Hudson, heavy with dust and grit, rattling and snapping the few gay flags which waved above us on the pier. It was a day like many other spring days—a day when sunshine seemed superfluous and the air seemed steel-colored like the ship on which we stood.

A very boyish replica of the boyish Prince of Wales in the blue uniform and brass buttons of a British steward glanced out of a gangway and disappeared below. Other stewards walked slowly down the gangplank with luggage on their backs and in their hands; quiet, unemotional, efficient, inspiring confidence. The captain, a big Briton, with every purple vein of his cheeks, jaws, and neck showing as if

Photograph by Boston Post

OFF TO THE FRONT

The unit, without equipment, leaving Cambridge for Fort Totten, N. Y., where they were equipped. Six base hospitals were ordered to the front in May

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painted on him, came down the ladder from the bridge and saluted. He wore a dark blue cap with a white top, and four gold service stripes showed on his sleeve.

"I've been across, back and forth, ever since the war began, and the submarines haven't got me yet. They won't get us this time, Madame," he said quietly to one of the nurses, with that bluff unimaginative assurance, that passionate stupidity which has made the Island Race rulers of the sea and arbiters of half the globe.

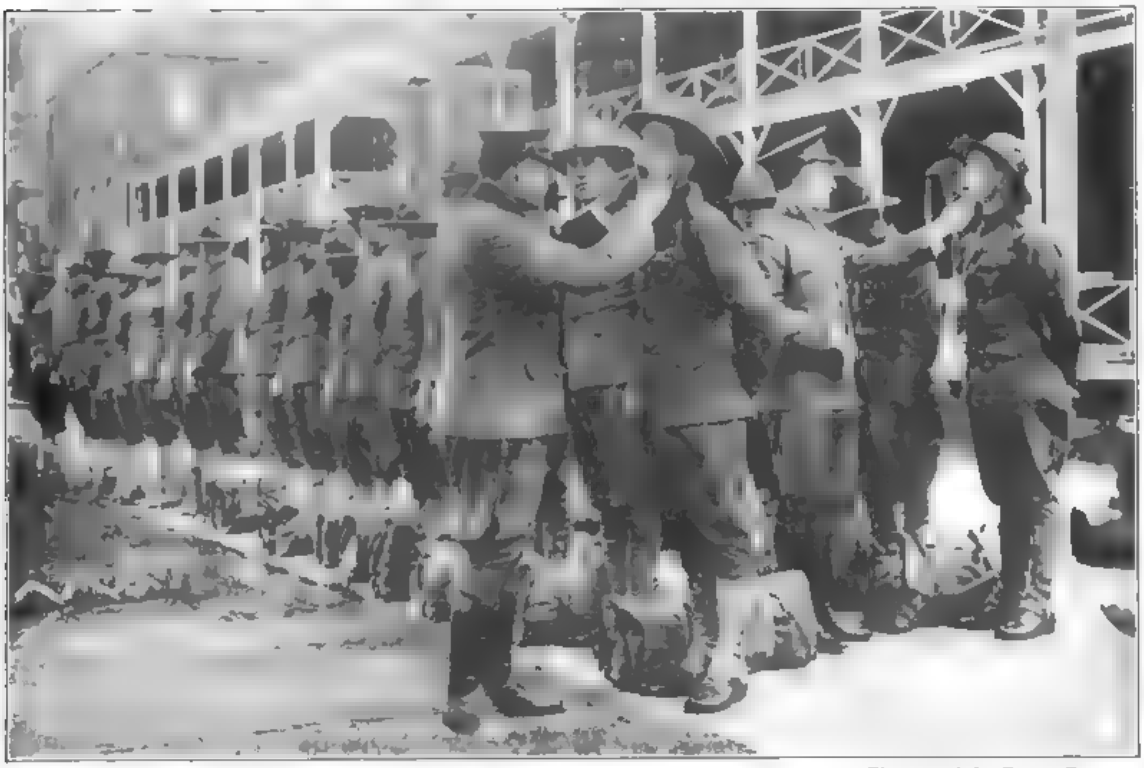
Red Cross Base Hospital No. 5 was sailing in an hour, as No. 4 had sailed two days before, and as Nos. 2, 12, 21 and 10 sailed at the appointed time.

Fifty nurses, four stenographers, one hundred and thirty-nine enlisted men who are to act as orderlies and clerks; a chaplain and twenty-seven doctors—these made up the Unit. The staff was composed almost wholly of Harvard men. The commanding officer was Robert U. Patterson, Major, Medical Corps, U. S. Army, who has been detailed for the past four years for duty at the national headquarters of the Red Cross in Washington. Dr. Harvey Cushing of Boston was director.

I wish the whole United States could have seen their going. There on board the *Saxonia* this war seemed immediate and personal, distances dropped away and the end of their journey seemed as near as the beginning. Across the Hudson we could see the vast inert hulk of the *Vaterland;* in happier days the *Lusitania* had been warped into the very slip where our ship lay. And smaller things than these made the war real and personal —the wife of a young doctor saying good-bye to him, her stiff mouth moving, her eyes dead as glass; and a mother on the pier staring at her son with a helplessness, a hopelessness unforgetable.

For in those swift minutes before their departure the war seemed to reach out and touch the coasts of America, and those of us who stood with them like sponsors at a baptism assumed a promise in their name. Whether they or we live or die, whether this war ends as we wish it to end or ends in defeat and shame for our nation, whether new wars come in our day worse than this that we are in, or whether—as some think -this is the end of war, our first thought must be to save and not to destroy; to mend and not to break; to build up and not to tear down.

Up to the time of the break with Germany, our greatest contribution to suffering Europe was the great humanitarian work of the Commission for Relief in Belgium: it is a mighty omen that our first contribution as belligerents consisted of men and women from the American Red Cross who are ready to give their lives that others—friends or foes—may live.



Photograph by Brown Bros.

FINAL INSPECTION

Before going aboard the steamer for Europe. Thirty Army and five Navy base hospitals are now equipped and ready and others being formed

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THE DESERTER—A BELGIAN INCIDENT

BY

EDWARD EYRE HUNT

(Formerly Antwerp Delegate of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium)

IT WAS five o'clock in the morning. A riotous sunrise deluged the Campine as I slipped into my clothes and ran down the narrow, twisting tower-stair to keep a secret tryst with the *Baas*, or overseer. Little slits in the tower wall, cut for mediaeval archers, let in the arrows of the sun; and as I ran through the gloomy armory and the high-roofed Flemish dining hall—stripped of their treasure of old pikes, swords, crossbows, and blunderbusses by the diligent Germans—out to the causeway, and over the creaking drawbridge on my way to the stables and the dismantled brewery, I imagined myself an escaped prisoner from the donjons of Château Drie Toren. In truth, I was running away from Baron van Steen's week-end house-party for a breath of rustic air while the others slept.

The stables, tool sheds, hostlers' barracks, bake-oven, and brewery were thatch roofed and walled with brick, toned to a claret-red, pierced with small windows and heavy oaken doors. The doors were banded with the baronial colors—blue stripes alternating with yellow, like the stripes on a barber pole—and in the centre of the hollow square of farm buildings fumed a mammoth brown manure pile. A smell of fresh cut hay and the warm smell of animals clung about the stables, and I heard the watch-dog rattle his chain and sniff at the door as I passed.

I found the Baas standing before his door, his face wrinkled with pleasure, his cap in his hand. Behind him his wife peered out at us, wiping her fat hands on her skirts, and two half-grown children stared from the nearest window. The Baas and his wife were the parents of sixteen children!

"Good day, mynheer!" every one shouted in chorus.

"Good day, madame; good day, Baas." (I used the Flemish title for overseer—the word from which has come our much-abused word "Boss.") "I'm a deserter this morning: the rest of the Baron's party sleeps."

"Ah, so," laughed the wife. "Mynheer is like the German soldiers who desert by dozens nowadays. And would your Honor hide in the forest like them—like the Germans?"

"To be sure. The Baas is to show me the deepest coverts, where mynheer the Baron will never find me more."

We laughed and passed on. A girl with a neckyoke and full milk pails came by from the dairy; nodding faces appeared at the windows of the farm buildings as we walked toward the woods; bees sped in the air from conical straw hives close to our path; and in a few minutes we were threading our way through a nursery of young pines, tilled like corn rows in Kansas, and all of equal age.

"Monsieur, there is a soul in trees," said the Baas, affectionately patting an ancient linden on the border of the old forest. The Baas was a man from the Province of Liége, and he preferred to speak French with me rather than Flemish. He had, too, a Walloon lightness of wit which went sometimes incongruously with his heavy frame, as when he said to me once when we were debating the joys of youth versus age, "To be old has its advantages, monsieur. One can then be virtuous, and it is not hard."

"There is a soul in trees," he repeated. "All together the trees have a soul. A forest is one spirit. These trees are old men and old women, very patient and kindly and sluggish of blood. They nod their heads in the wind like peasants over a stove. And they talk. Sometimes I think that I can understand their talk—very wise and patient and slow. Men hurry apart, monsieur, but the trees remain together like old married people and watch their children grow up around them.

"Here,"—we had turned down a path and were in the fringes of another forest of small pines—"here the Germans have taken trees for their fortifications, slashed and cut, and those trees that are left are like wounded soldiers: they have arms too long or too short, heads smashed; feet uprooted, and yet they wish to live, because they are one spirit."

"What is this?" I demanded abruptly; for at my feet yawned a little pit, with lumpy clay still fresh about it and a fallen cross lying half hidden in the weeds.

"Ho, that? It is the grave of a German," said the Baas heartily. He spat into the raw pit. "The German has been taken away, but

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the children of Drie Toren are still afraid. They will not come by this path, on account of the dead *Duitscher*."

His foot crushed the rude cross as he talked, and we walked on. But I was vaguely troubled. That vile pit and the thought of what it had contained had spoiled my promenade. As I had found on a thousand other occasions, my freedom in Belgium was only a fiction. The war could not be forgotten, even for an hour.

A partridge thundered up at our feet and rocketed to earth again beyond the protecting pines. In a little glade we surprised four young rabbits together at breakfast. The Baas laid his hand lightly on my arm. "It is sad, monsieur, isn't it?" he said. "The poachers steal right and left nowadays. The *gardes champêtres* are no longer armed, so the thieves do as they will. There is more pheasant in the city markets than chicken, and more rabbit than veal. The game will soon be gone, like our horses and cattle.

"You remember, monsieur, the sand dunes by Blankenberghe and Knocke on the Belgian coast? Ah, the rabbits that used to be in those dunes! But now the firing of cannon has driven them all away."

A silence fell upon us both. The thickets grew denser, and we pushed our way slowly toward the deeper coverts. I found myself thinking of the little crosses along the seaside dunes which marked where greater game than rabbits had fallen—the graves of men—the biggest game on earth—the shallow pits and the frail wooden crosses, like that which the Baas's leather boot had crushed a half hour before.

We had reached the deepest woods, when a gasping, choking cry stopped us short. The thicket directly before us stirred and then lay still as death. The cry had been horrible as a Banshee's wail, and as mysterious, but it was not the cry of an animal; it was human, and it came from a human being in agony. The Baas crossed himself swiftly and leaped forward, and instantly we had parted the protecting bushes and were looking down on a man lying flat on the ground—a spectre with a thin white face, chattering teeth, enormous frightened eyes, and a filthy, much worn German uniform.

"What are you doing here?" I demanded.

The soldier did not answer, he did not rise, he lay motionless and hideous like a beast. Then I caught sight of his left ankle, enormously swollen and wrapped in rags, and his hands—they were thin as sticks. The man was helpless, and he was starving.

And now came a strange thing. We two walked slowly around the man on the ground as if he were a wild creature caught in a snare. We felt no pity or astonishment; only curiosity. Utterly unemotionally we took note of him and his surroundings. He had no gun, no knife, and no blankets. He lay on some broken boughs, and he seemed to have covered himself with boughs at night. The wild, haggard eyes turned in their sockets and watched us as we moved, but otherwise no part of the man stirred. He seemed transfixed, frozen in an agony of fear and horror.

"Ashes! He has had a fire here, monsieur, but it was days ago." At the man's feet the Baas had discovered the remnants of a little fire. "Holy blue!" he added in astonishment, "he has eaten these!"

A pile of small green twigs lay near the fire. The bark had been chewed from them!

A buzzing swarm of flies, disturbed by our investigations, rotated in the air, and a faint, bad odor hung about the place, indescribably stale and filthy.

At the end of our search we turned again to the man on the ground. "Who are you? What are you doing here?" I demanded again. There was no answer. "Baas, have you a flask?"

The old man slowly drew a little leather-clad bottle from his breast pocket and passed it to me in silence. He offered it with obvious reluctance, and watched jealously as I knelt and dropped a little stream of liquid between the parted lips of the creature on the ground. The man's lips sucked inward, his throat choked at the raw liquor, he opened his mouth wide and gasped horribly for breath, his knees twitched, and his wrists trembled as if he were dying. Then the parched mouth tried to form words; it could only grimace.

For a moment I felt a mad impulse to leap on that moving mouth and crush it into stillness; such an impulse as makes a hunter wring the neck of a wounded bird. Instead, I continued dropping the stinging liquor and listening.

Then came the first word. "More!" the black lips begged, and I emptied the flask into them. The Baas sighed plaintively. "German?" the soldier whispered.

"No. American," I answered.

"The other one?"

"Belgian."

The frightened eyes closed in evident relief. The man seemed to sleep.

"But you?" I asked.

"I'm German—a soldier," he said.

"Lost?"

"Missing." He used the German word *vermisst*—the word employed in the official lists of losses to designate the wounded or dead who are not recovered, and those lost by capture or desertion.

"You understand, Baas?"

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"No, monsieur."

"He says he is a German soldier—a deserter, I suppose, trying to make his way over the frontier to Holland. And he is starving."

The Baas's face became a battle-ground of emotions. His kindly eyes glared merrily, his lips twisted until his beard seemed to spread to twice its natural width. Instantly his face became grave again, then puzzled, even anxious. A stream of invective and imprecation in mingled French and Flemish poured from his troubled lips, and he stamped his feet vigorously.

"He can't stay here," I concluded.

"It is death to help him," said the Baas.

"For you, yes; for me, no. The Germans can only disgrace me as a member of the Relief Commission. They cannot kill me."

"He must not be left to die here, monsieur."

"The Germans will probably search your house if we take him there."

"He may betray us if we help him."

"That is possible. But you see he is very weak—almost dead."

"He may be a spy."

"That again is possible. But see! He has eaten twigs!"

"He is a damned pig of a German!"

"But you do not feed even pigs on sticks and leaves."

"I am afraid, monsieur."

"So am I, Baas. Yet you must decide, and not I. It is much more dangerous for you than for me."

We stared into each other's eyes, trying to guess each other's thoughts. Every one in Belgium knows that the German army sows its informers everywhere. We could not even trust each other in that stricken country. Deserters and traitors were tracked down like dogs. Any one who gave aid or comfort to such persons did so at the risk of his life. It is said that pretended deserters deliberately trapped Belgians into aiding them, and then betrayed their hosts. Something of the sort was hinted in the famous case of Miss Edith Cavell. Knowledge, then, bade us be cautious: instinct alone bade us be kind.

The Baas's wide eyes turned again to the creature on the ground, and he sighed plaintively. "Monsieur," he began, in a very low, gentle voice, "I will help him. Give me my flask and I will go for food and drink. Then we must plan. Does it please you to remain here?"

"I shall stay here with him."

"Good! I will go."

I knelt beside the soldier and chafed his filthy hands until blood flowed again in his dry veins. The swollen pupils of his heavy eyes brightened. He talked continuously in a thin trickling whisper—a patter of information about dinners he had eaten, wines he had drunk, his military service, his hardships, and his physical and mental sensations. I had read of victims of scurvy in the Arctic snows dreaming and talking day and night of food, only of food. So it was with the starving soldier. The liquor had made him slightly delirious, and he babbled on and on.

His broken ankle pained him. When I moved him about to rest it, his lightness astonished me. The man had been large and heavy; he was shrunken to a bag of bones. His uniform hung about him like a sack, and it seemed as if the slightest jar would snap his arms and legs. Tears welled under his heavy, dirty eyelids. "Mother! Mother!" he whispered once. "Art thou there? Mother!" Then as his eyes again cleared and he saw the trees interarched above him—the trees which the Baas had told me were one spirit; the grim, silent, sepulchral trees; the haunted, malignant trees which had wooed him with their shelter and then broken him and starved him; the trees beneath which his forest-dwelling ancestors had cowered for thousands of years and to which they had offered human sacrifices—he broke down and sobbed horribly. "She is not here! She is not here! No, she is not here!" he repeated over and over again.

When the Baas returned, we covered the deserter with our coats and fed him. Perhaps we did wrong to give him food, although I think now that he was doomed before we found him. We did our best, but it was not enough. In less than an hour, after a horrible spell of vomiting, the poor man was beyond all help of ours. His eyes rolled desperately, his breath came in horrid gasps, and he grew rigid like a man in an epileptic fit.

We tore open the breast of his uniform to ease his labored breathing. A metal identification disk hung on a cord from about his neck over a chest which was like a wicker-work of ribs. His belly was sunken until one almost saw the spinal column through it. His tortured lungs subsided little by little, the terrifying sound of his breathing sank to nothing, his head thrust far back and over to the right side, his arms stiffened slowly, his mouth fell open.

We watched, as if fascinated, the pulsing vein in his emaciated neck, still pumping blood through a body which had ceased to breathe. The top of the blood column at last appeared, like mercury in a thermometer. It fell half an inch with each stroke of the famished heart. It reached the base of the neck and sank from sight, and still we stared and stared. The man was dead, yet I seemed to have an awful vision of billions of sentient cells, billions of little selfish

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lives which had made up his life, fighting, choking, starving to death within that cooling clay.

The Baas bent his head, uncovered, and crossed himself. With a quick stooping motion, he closed the wide open eyes and straightened the bent limbs. Then he rose to his full height and looked at me sadly. "This man had a mother, monsieur," he said. "We must forget the rest."

In the pit where the other German had lain we buried the body of the deserter, and we found and repaired the little lath cross and set it up at the grave's head. But first I took from about the neck of the corpse the oval medallion which told the man's name and regimental number. It was a silver medal, finer than those usually worn by privates in the German army. I have it by me as I write, and on it is etched the brave sentence, "God shield you from all dangers of warfare, and render you back to us safe and victorious!"

I was late for breakfast at the Château, but Van Steen kindly made room for me at his right hand. "Aha, monsieur!" he called gaily, "we thought you were helping to find the deserter."

"Wha-what, monsieur le Baron?" I stuttered in amazement.

"The German deserter. A file of soldiers woke us up at seven o'clock, inquiring for one of their men who ran away from Mons a month ago. They are searching the stables and the forest. They have traced him here to our commune. I hope they catch him!"

My fingers clutched the silver disk in my pocket. "I think they will not catch him, messieurs. He ran away a month ago, you say?"

"A month ago. . . . But it is nothing to us, eh? Let us eat our breakfasts." The Baron bowed grandly to me. "Monsieur le Délégué," he began in his smooth, formal voice, "once again we remind ourselves that it is thanks to you and the generous American people that we have bread. It is thanks to you that our noble Belgium is not starving. . . . Eh bien! Let us eat our breakfasts."

And so we did.

THE WOMEN OF BELGIUM

BY

CHARLOTTE KELLOGG

BUT what is the use of giving them soup and bread—of keeping them alive—if they must face worse than mere physical death?"

I was in Charleroi and Madame —— was recounting to me the steps in the struggle to furnish employment to the thousands upon thousands of women, many of them young and with little education or power to meet disaster, whom the tragedy of the "Occupation" had thrown upon the world, as one by one the factory doors opened and then closed, not to open again until this terrible war shall end.

From frontier to frontier, these helpless ones were threatened with the moral suffering inseparable from extended periods of idleness. One would need to know all the circumstances before he could realize the magnitude of this problem of unemployment for women (quite apart from the staggering one of enforced idleness for far greater numbers of men) and the apparent hopelessness of its solution. Yet committees of Belgian women everywhere met it with splendid courage, grappled with it, until today the whole of their cruelly martyred little country is dotted with blessed centres of hope—workrooms where many thousands of women and girls are saved from despair, and are enabled at least to help pay for their soup.

To be sure, each of these sewing centres has its pathetic thick book, recording the addresses of the thousands who beg to be taken in, but for whom there is no room; but even they are heartened by the knowledge that the workroom exists, and that at least others are sheltered within it.

At best no one may have continuous work; by a marvelous system of "shifts" the directors distribute opportunity. Each person may work two weeks in the month; then she must give way to another who has her chance for two weeks. And the average wage is sixty cents a week! That sum is supposed to spell, courage, progress, all along the line—and the astonishing thing is that it does.

These workrooms would not be possible but for the Commission for Relief in Belgium, which secured the joint agreement of England and Germany that it might bring in old clothing, and later new materials, for the destitute in Belgium. The Commission made three Winter appeals in America to which America responded gen-

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erously: the 1914 appeal was for old clothing, the 1915 for new, and the 1916 again for used garments. Remembering that every square foot of shipping space has hourly become more precious, many persons wondered why Mr. Hoover should this last winter have asked for any but the strongest of new materials. The explanation will be revealed as we look into the workrooms—or into one of the most remarkable of them—that one which has grown up in the once popular Antwerp Music-Hall.

No pre-war audience ever filled this vast edifice more completely than it is filled to-day by the great company driven within its walls by disaster. As I walked through the deserted entrance halls with Madame Osterrieth and Madame de Montigny, the two devoted women most responsible for the success of this particular centre, I was remembering the jostling, laughing crowds that once pushed their way through them, lured by the music ahead, and I was trying to prepare myself for the sadly contrasting silence of the war workroom.

We neared the great doors of the central hall and, as Madame Osterrieth threw them open, an incredible, beautiful music filled our ears. Bewildered, I looked on the sea of golden and brown heads bending over the sewing-tables, and above, too, to the galleries with their hundreds—while from every part of the great building, thrilling it, flooding it, rose this strangely solemn music. As they stitched, these women sang the beautiful folk songs of their country.

I went further inside, and instinctively turned toward the stage—there it was piled high with packing cases! And between two of them, in the midst of a congested disarray, but still behind his accustomed footlights, stood the one-time favorite baritone of the music-hall concert-master now, to this strange war audience! From the royal box and over the balconies were flung strips of flannel and lengths of cotton, the war banners of the women, and surely fit to fly as companions to those borne by their men in the ranks.

I passed from table to table with continually increasing admiration of the intelligence directing this work. The women are not merely being kept busy; every day's work is a link in the chain of progress toward a specific goal. Women of one section are becoming more and more expert blouse-makers, others specialize in skirts, still others in embroidery design, or hat making. At night there are courses in the principles of dress-making, in the history of design, in hygiene, in business method, besides additional ones in history and languages. The committees are determined that these women shall not lose their three years. They must gain power for themselves and power for Belgium!

THE WOMEN OF BELGIUM

When the steel ring was thrown around Belgium, 50,000 lace makers alone were thrown out of work. Committees of relief were hastily formed with a result that 45,000 have been given employment and 6,000,000 francs distributed in wages

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Unfortunately the supply of materials is limited, the C. R. B. can bring in only cloth and used clothing actually necessary for the destitute. On the size of this import, depends the number of workers employed. Last winter Madame Osterrieth made a pathetic appeal to Mr. Hoover. "Of course," she said, "we understand why the C. R. B. feels it cannot use its shipping space for any but new materials, but if you continue to do this, we must face defeat! I give a bolt of cloth to my women and what happens? They cut it easily, make it up swiftly, and there's an end of it. While if I can give them some of your nice used clothes, they must rip and patch, and match and piece, until wonderful days have been needed to produce the finished garment. We implore you to bring us more old clothes!" And in answer, treasured space on C. R. B. ships was given to a December consignment of old clothes!

When the steel ring was thrown about Belgium, 50,000 lace-makers were suddenly without thread. And as quickly, committes of women banded themselves together to try to save them. Again it was the high privilege of the C. R. B. to place the tools in their hands. It secured an agreement by which it might bring in certain quantities of thread, and take out equivalent weights in lace. This thread was turned over to the Committees. The Comtesse d'Ultremont, the Vicomtesse de Beughem, and Madame Allard, as the central Brussels Committee, became the directing heads of the national endeavor. Under them sub-committees operated in every part of the country.

But since the majority of the most beautiful laces have always been made in the zone now close behind the fighting lines, means of communication with the most important lace-women of the country have been uncertain, often almost impossible. The fine linens of Flanders, necessary for tea cloths and doilies, practically disappeared. There have been indescribable difficulties, but the brave women dedicated to the lace-makers have not allowed themselves to grow discouraged. I have seen their eyes red with weeping because they had had to turn off a particular group of workers, or because they feared for another, but always their faith in their final success was sure.

These committees, too, work "shifts"; no one person may be employed more than two weeks a month, and again, the average wage is sixty cents. By this system, 45,000 women and girls have been kept on their lists and, up to November last, they had dispensed more than 6,000,000 francs in wages! They are in debt, but that does not alarm them, if only they can keep going.

Lady Egerton has opened a beautiful little shop opposite the Ritz Hotel in London, where

THE TRAGEDY OF UNEMPLOYMENT

Have you ever stopped to realize what it means to ladle out one and a quarter million pints of soup every day, or to cook and serve 200,000 meals to debilitated children, or to take care of 53,000 tiny babies? This is the task before the relief committees of women in Belgium

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she sells the laces the C. R. B. brings out, and the Baronne Buffin, a Belgian lady in exile, conducts a similar shop in Paris. Besides this, individuals have occasionally bought directly of the C. R. B. At one time all Brussels was elated because Paquin had agreed to take every yard of Point de Paris lace that could be brought out!

These lace committees, too, are putting not only heart but brain into their work. They are using the best talent in their country to raise the standard of design; they examine carefully every yard of lace turned in, rejecting, or approving progress until, despite every obstacle, despite the unutterable tragedy of the Occupation, Belgium is to-day producing finer laces than she made before the war! No member of the C. R. B. is brave enough to face the possibility that this importation of cloth and thread may cease. It *must* continue!

If the Commission had been allowed to take out toys as well, other fortunate thousands would have been added to the workroom lists. Many women have felt the great opportunity, not only for the idle, but for Belgium, in the development of a toy industry. And despite the prohibition to export, at least two fascinating little factories have been started in Brussels, one at Louvain, one at Liège, besides other smaller ones in scattered cities.

In Brussels, Madame Zualart has trained a corps of women, many of them refugees, to make simple, inexpensive, but very attractive toys, out of bits of cloth and wood, with pebbles picked up from the roadside for weights. She began experimenting in papier maché by running newspapers through a meat-grinder! Madame Franchomme and her family have equipped a more ambitious plant. She employs mutilated soldiers, as well as women refugees. They turn out animals and dolls and villages of remarkable originality and beauty. Madame Franchomme was a painter in water col before the war and her talent has stood her in good stead. Her toys have the gesture of the Belgian people; they have grown from the soil. Americans will be delighted when they see and may finally possess them. The Comtesse Jean de Merode established her beautiful doll industry at Louvain. And in Liège, there is a workroom employing about 100 workmen, of a pre-war firearms factory, in the making of toys, and particularly of little wooden boxes ornamented with steel tracery. In all those workshops one finds some touching tribute to the C. R. B.—a miniature C. R. B. motor, a Hoover barge, or an American doll! From the point of view of the numbers employed, the toy factories are obviously almost negligible—they represent at best a few hundreds. But one must remember always the heartening effect of even the slightest attempt to restore industry; an encouragement so pathetically disproportionate to the actual industrial achievement. And once the steel ring is lifted, these centres will develop swiftly.

From frontier to frontier, then, women are organized to save for the present and to train for the future. And this heroic effort to rescue from the tragedy of unemployment is only a part of the great burden the women of Belgium have undertaken. Other thousands of the Relief Committees have been standing, white-uniformed, cheery, morning and night, every day including Sunday, for more than 900 days now, directly next to Belgium's hungry millions, who but for their sympathy and help would surely fall by the way.

We have read much about the "soupes" and about the dining-rooms for subnormal children and nursing mothers, perhaps even of the "drop of milk" centres for babies, the shelters for orphans, and for the pitiful little victims of tuberculosis. But have we truly realized what it means to ladle out every day, for more than 900 days, one and a quarter million pints of soup? Do we know what it means to keep fresh and cheery dining-rooms for more than 200,000 debilitated children, to cook and serve their one nourishing meal of the day to them? To help with a supplementary meal for one and a quarter million school children? To be looking after 53,000 tiny babies, serving a dinner to thousands of expectant and young mothers, to be sterilizing bottles and pasteurizing milk at six and seven every morning? To be daily serving other grateful men and women in popular dining-rooms (more than 10,000 a day in Antwerp alone) where one can keep off the "soupes" if he still has five or ten cents to pay? Have we measured the service of the women of the Assistance Discrète, whose motto is "Give and be silent," who are trying to relieve the tragedy of the great middle class, and who dispense thousands of food boxes twice a week from their sections, and weekly visit the homes of tens of thousands?

Forty thousand chosen men of the Comité National and a devoted company of physicians of Belgium are hourly making possible the service of its women. The women of Belgium have become the *Mother* of Belgium, to whom her desolate ones may run for comfort, knowing they will find it. They stand to-day, as they have for 900 days, from frontier to frontier, with courage in their faces—lifting—holding.

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Photograph by Grenville T. Keogh

AWAITING A CALL

Motor ambulances of the American Ambulance Section awaiting a call to transport the wounded to an evacuation hospital in France

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AN EVACUATION HOSPITAL

The second stop. Here, removed somewhat from the firing line, the slightly wounded are kept until recovery, while the more severely wounded are sent to the base hospital

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Photographs by Sport and General Press

IN THE LINE OF COMMUNICATION

Motor or horse ambulances are the connecting link in transporting the wounded from the field to the evacuation and base hospitals

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Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

RED CROSS TRAINS

To convey the wounded from the battle-zone to the home hospital or to the seaport where they embark for home

Photograph by Pach Photo News Service

REFRESHMENTS

Along the railroad lines refreshment booths are maintained at central points where the returning troops may obtain food

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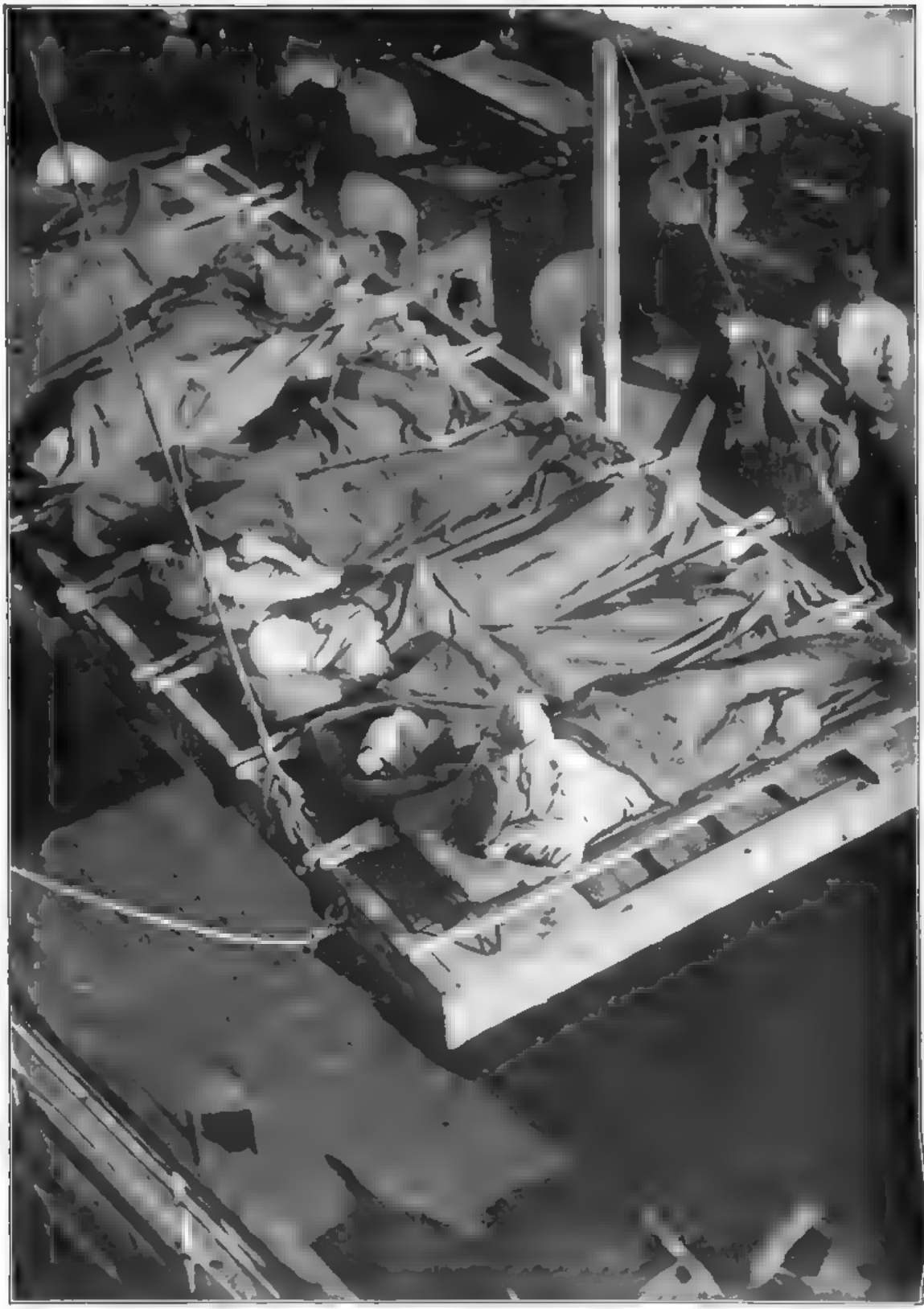

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

GOING ABOARD

Soldiers too badly wounded to walk being swung aboard a hospital ship with a minimum of discomfort

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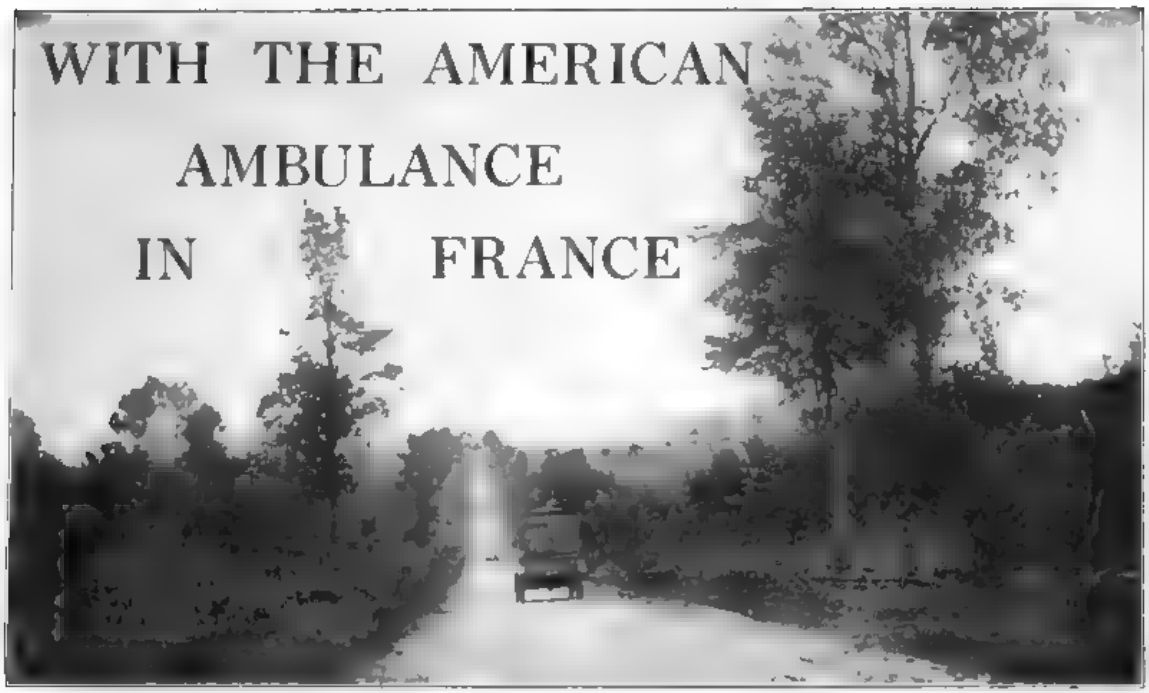
WITH THE AMERICAN AMBULANCE IN FRANCE



PART II

BY

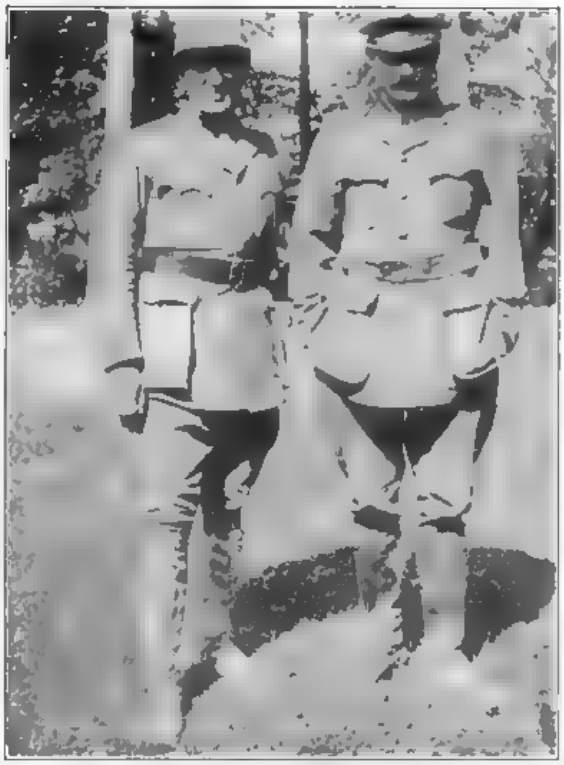
GRENVILLE TEMPLE KEOGH

I SPENT from Monday, June 26th, until Tuesday, July 11th, in the hospital at Paris.

Tuesday, July 11th.

This morning I left Paris at 11 o'clock on the train for Bar-le-Duc, which is about 30 kilometers from Verdun. I received word before I left that our section had been removed from Verdun and were *en repos* at a place called St. Deziare, about 30 kilometers behind Bar-le-Duc and therefore 60 kilometers away from Verdun.

When I arrived at Bar-le-Duc there was an ambulance from our section at the station to meet me. I went directly to St. Deziare and found all the section lying around with nothing to do. We expect to remain here for about one more week, doing nothing, and then go up into the Somme where the big offensive is taking place. This is of course not sure yet, and for all we know, we might be sent right back to Verdun again. However, after a good week's rest we won't mind much what they decide to do with us. We are all sleeping in an old barn. It would be comfortable enough if it wasn't for the bugs, but it is simply full of them, so we must make the best of it.



MR. PIATT ANDREW AND MR. AUSTIN MASON

The former is the head of the American Ambulance in France, and the latter is in command of Section 8, to which section the author was attached

We were *en repos* at St. Deziare from Tuesday, July 11th to Sunday, July 16th.

Monday, July 17th

This morning at 5:15

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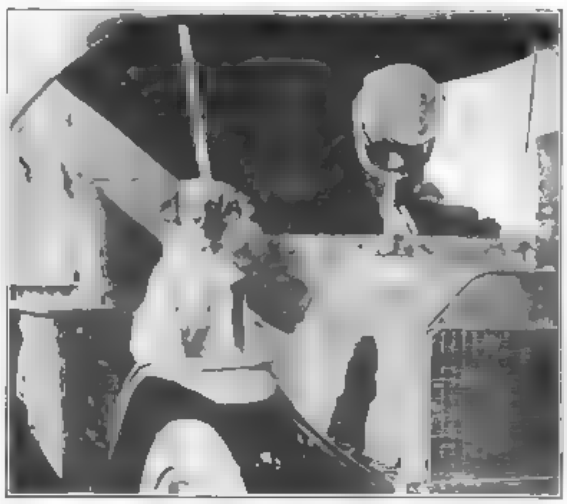
AT MOURMELON

When an attack is being made there is no rest or sleep for the men of the ambulance and they must wait to be sent *en repos*

Rogers rushed into our quarters and routed us all out of bed. We were, of course, quite sure that we were to be sent to the Somme, so you can imagine our disappointment and disgust when we were told that we were being moved from our old division and were to leave immediately for Verdun again.

We all got up, and never before have I seen such a sore gang of fellows. Every one placed a different curse on the General's head; but naturally this did us no good. At 6:15 we left, and arrived at Dugny at our old quarters in about five hours. We found Dugny just as we had left it. The Germans were still dropping 380's into the town at regular intervals. One shell landed only forty yards away from our base and completely demolished five automobiles. We immediately moved our cars to the other side of town, where we thought they would be safer. Five of our cars went to Cabaret during the afternoon. I was one of the five. On the way we experienced the same old things. The French batteries roared in our ears all the way up, and the German shells kept breaking a great deal too close for comfort. At Cabaret, things were really quite quiet. There were quite a number of shells that broke nearby in the fields, but the poste itself was not being bombarded to any extent. We all brought back a carload of blessés and were told that we would not be on duty during the night. We have started a new system now, which I think is very good indeed. Our section of 20 cars has been divided into two divisions of 10 cars each. In this way, unless the work becomes too heavy again, we hope to have each division on duty for 24 hours at a stretch, and then *en repos* for 24 hours.



"PINARD"

The mascot of Section 8 during an early period of service on the way to Verdun

Thursday, July 20th

This morning at 1:30 I left Dugny and went up to Cabaret, where I relieved, with Forbush, who went with me, the two cars which were there. At the time there was a very heavy French attack going on, so our run up was one of the noisiest that I ever made. All along the road the French batteries were firing *tire de barrage*, and roaring right in our ears. The roads were also very bad with

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DUGNY

"We found Dugny just as we had left it. The Germans were still dropping 380's into the town at regular intervals. One shell landed only forty yards from our base and completely demolished five automobiles"

breaking shells, because, naturally, the heavy fire of the French guns called forth much bombarding by the Germans, At Cabaret there were no wounded, and I just had to sit around until 8:30 A. M., when I was relieved by two other cars from our section. During the first few hours of my wait, I lay down in the straw on the floor of the dugout and tried to get some sleep. This, however, was out of the question, owing to the terrific noise. At about 3 A. M. I got up and just hung around. The day was just beginning to break, and it was a wonderful sight to see the long trains of artillery passing along the brow of the hill directly behind Cabaret, coming in from their night's shift. All around Cabaret were situated French '75 batteries. I went down into the dugout connected with the nearest one of these, and watched it work. It was really a foolish thing to do for the batteries were being bombarded. However, I thought it too good a chance to miss, and I am now very glad that I did it. The lieutenant in charge of the battery gave me little plugs to put in my ears, and mica goggles to keep the powder out of my eyes. He also told me that each time that a gun was fired to rise up on my toes. This stops a great deal of the shock on your ear drums. At about 5 A. M. the sun was bright enough to enable me to take pictures. I got some good views of the guns in action. The lieutenant in command did everything he could to enable me to get the best possible positions and exposures. When I was there behind the guns there suddenly appeared, over the hill in front of us, about 200 Germans who had been taken prisoners during the night's attack. When they were directly in front of our guns and about 15 yards off, the lieutenant gave an order for a *tire de barrage* to be sent off. The gunners responded willingly and showed those Boches some action, the like of which they had never seen before. When the firing stopped, all the Frenchmen stood around and laughingly asked the Germans what they thought of the light artillery work.

BRINGING UP SUPPLIES

Horses and mules, transport munitions where automobiles can no longer penetrate

The 200 prisoners were then lined up behind Cabaret, where they were to wait for the

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BAR-LE-DUC

The pleasant typical French village near which the section was *en repos* after their first period at Verdun

military gendarmes to escort them to the detention camp. All the French poilus flocked around and cut the buttons off the prisoners' clothes for souvenirs. They also took the helmets away from any who had them. I was very much surprised to see how young most of these Germans were. Many of them could not have been more than seventeen or eighteen years old. I got some very good pictures of them when they were all lined up. Finally, the gendarmes arrived and they were all marched off. I then went into Cabaret and had some hot coffee. By this time there were several wounded there; and as soon as the other two cars arrived I left and delivered my load at the base hospital in Dugny. During the rest of the morning I didn't have any more calls to make. But during the afternoon I made a tour of a number of the batteries around Tavannes and Cabaret and picked up several wounded.

THE CHURCH MILITANT

When the French army was mobilized the young priests of France were called to the colors where they have since served with distinction

Friday, July 21st

This morning I slept quite late and got up just in time for lunch. During the afternoon worked on my car. At 8 P. M. our division again went on call, and Doc Armour and I immediately left for Cabaret, to relieve the two cars of the other division and to stay until 2:30 to-morrow morning. On our run up, there was not very much firing being done by either side, and it was not until 11 P. M. that the action began. At this hour the Germans launched a very heavy attack on all the positions along the line in our sector. The attack lasted for an hour and was immediately followed by the French counter-attack, in which they regained all the ground that they had lost. This French attack, of course, made things very uncomfortable for Doc and me, who had to stay in the dugout behind Cabaret. Cabaret itself simply rocked with the vibration and concussion of the huge guns which were firing all around it. The whole country, as far as we could see, was simply a mass of flashes from the French light and heavy artillery. This terrific noise was

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ON THE ROAD TO VERDUN

Members of the section encamped with their cars for the night on the way to Verdun

mingled with the crashing of the German shells, which kept continually breaking on the hill just behind Cabaret. Many times they broke so close that our dugout was sprinkled with *éclats* and pieces of stone. At about midnight there were four men carried in from one of the nearby batteries in a horrible condition. A German gun had found the range of this certain battery, and before they could move it had killed most of the gun crew and wounded nearly all the rest. The doctor in Cabaret (a surgeon) dressed their wounds there. It looked just like the pictures you see in books of a doctor fixing up the wounded in a little dugout. This doctor did all the dressings on his knees because it is not possible to stand up owing to the lowness of the roof. He had on his helmet and his gas mask fastened at his side. During all the dressings the French batteries directly outside the door and all around the surrounding hills kept up a steady roar of *tire de barrage*.

I left Cabaret at 12:30 with my first load and as soon as I had delivered them at the hospital, returned, because we were not to be relieved until 2 or 2:30 A. M. On the trip back and forth I had some quite narrow squeaks. Once a shell broke right in the road about 20 yards in front of me, and before I could stop I ran right into the shell hole, but didn't break the car at all. However, it gave the blessés a terrible shaking up and they all roared to beat the band! A small piece of the same shell chipped one of my front spokes. At 2:15 A. M. the other two cars arrived and I went straight back to Dugny.

Sunday, July 22nd.

This morning I slept until 11:30 and then rolled out in time for lunch. This afternoon our division was still off duty, so I worked on my car and got it in perfect order. After supper at about 8 o'clock, our division again went on duty, and I left right away for Fort Belrupt where we heard there were some blessés. The road up there was very quiet excepting for the French batteries in the woods behind the road,

PRISONERS CAPTURED AT VERDUN

"All the French poilus flocked around and cut the buttons off the prisoners' clothes for souvenirs. They also took the helmets away from any who had them."

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which kept firing a continual *tire de barrage*. When we got into the tunnel at the fort itself the Germans commenced shelling all the batteries, but very luckily for us refrained from firing on the fort. It was necessary for us to remain in the tunnel for some time, because it would have been absolutely impossible for anything to pass over the road without being hit. However, after about two hours the firing let up and we started off. I was afraid that the Germans might begin shelling again, so I got along as fast as the poor road would let me. On the way down through Belrupt village I saw a battery of armored motor cars, hid in the bushes beside the road and making the most terrible noise. It was the first one of these batteries that I had ever seen in action, and it was very interesting indeed. I arrived back at the hospital in Dugny with my wounded at about 11:45 P. M. and immediately rolled into bed. I don't know now at what time I will be called out, but it will very likely be at about 2 or 3 in the morning. These calls are the worst ones we have, because we have to run up to "Berlin" (that is what we call one of our postes, which is situated on the road to Etain). The reason that we call this poste Berlin is because it is only 200 yards away from the German trenches. It is a very dangerous run and also a very interesting one. From the poste (a little dugout) you can plainly see the men firing their rifles from the shell-holes out on the firing line. From here we can first see the men wounded; then we can see the stretcher carriers pick them up and watch them carry them over the 200 yards to our little dugout. I have seen all this quite a number of times already, and therefore am not at all anxious to get one of these calls to-night.

A FRENCH '75

"All around Cabaret were situated French '75 batteries. I went down into the dugout connected with one of these and watched them work. The lieutenant in charge gave me little plugs to put in my ears and mica goggles to keep the powder out of my eyes. He also told me that each time that a gun was fired to rise on my toes. This stops a great deal of the shock on your ear drums"

Monday, July 24th

This morning at 2:30 a call came in for two cars at "Berlin." Bill Seabrook and I were the two first on call, and were therefore the ones sent out. When we left Dugny we could easily tell, by the exceptionally heavy firing, that there was an attack going on. The road after we passed Belleray was as bright as day owing to the great number of batteries firing directly over it and to the star-light shells with which the sky was thickly dotted. This did not make any difference to us, until after we passed the hill beyond Cabaret. In fact, it was really a great help. When we passed the top of the hill, however, we came into plain sight of the Germans, and this made it very dangerous. We also came into sight of the whole attack which happened to be taking place around Fleury. It was a magnificent sight to watch. The whole valley was filled with little puffs of flame from the German and French rifles. We had to run down to the Rue de Moulanville, which was only 300 yards away from the lines, and which was therefore very nearly in rifle range. Our blessés were all ready, waiting for us in a little dugout which was at the junction of the roads. I for one was very glad that they were ready, because this was my idea of "nowhere to hang out." We got our cars loaded and started back. Bill Seabrook's car, which was just in front of mine coming back, was struck by a number of *éclats*. The woodwork on the back of his car was filled with holes, and one of the blessés whom he was carrying was hit again. He himself was not touched. We arrived back at Dugny again at 5:45 A. M.

Tuesday, July 25th

Slept until 11:30 this morning. I then got up and immediately after lunch went to "Tilleat," a French battery, to pick up several men who were wounded during last night's engagement. It was the quietest run I have made up near the lines since we returned to Dugny just a week ago.

After I had been in Dugny for several hours after returning from the call, an airplane battle took place directly over our quarters. There were four Boche planes, which had flown over

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the lines and which were undoubtedly flying around behind our lines for the purpose of taking pictures and learning the whereabouts of our heavy artillery. While these four machines were flying around, three French ones rose from the aero-grounds a short distance from here and opened up on them with their machine guns. The fight lasted for about an hour and a half before three of the Germans were chased off, and one brought to earth in a sheet of flame.

During the engagement the four planes manoeuvred all around, each trying to get "the position" on the other. Finally all three French planes suddenly swept down (they were above the Boches at the time) and opened up on the enemy with machine guns. One plane (German) crashed to the earth, his gas tank having been punctured, and set fire to, and the other three immediately fled back toward their own lines. We ran over to the place where the hostile plane landed, and found nothing but a mass of smouldering, twisted aluminum. In the midst of the wreckage was the mangled body of the German pilot.

"THEY SHALL NOT PASS": VERDUN

The slogan of the defenders of Verdun, who resisted the Germans with such success in one of the longest, most stubborn, and most sanguinary combats the world has ever known. It was at the siege of Verdun that Section 8 of the American Ambulance saw continual service under fire from February to September, 1916

Wednesday, July 26th

This morning at 1:30 o'clock I left Dugny for Cabaret. When I arrived there, there was a terrible *tire de barrage* going on. The noise was absolutely deafening. All the hills around Cabaret were as light as day, owing to the flashes of all the guns. Their fire kept up steadily until nearly 3 o'clock, when it stopped as suddenly as it had begun. However, this was by no means the end of the noise. All this heavy firing enabled the Boches to locate the batteries, and when they once got the range the slaughter began. For an hour and a half they kept pouring enormous shells into all the hillsides. We spent the whole time in an *abri*, and I never spent such an hour and a half in all my life. We did not know at what minute a shell would hit our dugout and smash it to pieces. However, none even as much as touched it, and when the bombardment ceased our work began.

Wounded kept pouring into Cabaret from all sides. They, of course, had had no dressings, and therefore the ones who were badly wounded were in a terrible way. Many of these poor fellows had their arms and legs completely shot off. As quickly as they were dressed, we carried them down to Dugny and then returned to Cabaret again for another load. We kept running back and forth steadily until 8 o'clock when we were relieved by Armour and Sortwell. As soon as I arrived at Dugny I tumbled into bed and slept steadily until 2 P. M. During the afternoon I made no calls, but directly after supper a call came, which I answered. I went to Belrupt village and there picked up two soldiers who were to show me the way to the battery, where I was to get my wounded. From Belrupt we went out through a little cow-path leading through the woods. When we came up among the batteries, things immediately began to happen. All these huge guns were roaring, and this terrific din was mingled with the crashing of the arrivals which were landing all around. Finally we arrived at our battery. It was situated upon top of a cliff, and we had to stop our car down in the gully below. Just as I stopped, there was a very loud crash very close to my car. I thought that it was one of the French guns, but the soldier who was sitting beside me knew better. With one leap, he was out of the car and lying flat on his face under the car. Before I knew what was going on, there was a heavy shower of "*eclats*" which fell all around me. One large piece of shell casing crashed down through the seat, right where the soldier had been sitting and not more than two inches from my leg. I got my wounded loaded and started back for Dugny. I arrived there without further incident at about 9:30 that evening.

Our division is not on call to-night or to-morrow, so I can get a full night's sleep to-night. By the way, I picked up the piece of the shell which struck my car, to keep as a souvenir.

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Friday, July 28th

This morning at 1:30 I left Dugny to go to the Rue de Moulanville. The run up there was really quite quiet, excepting for the continual roar of the French batteries. However, just as we arrived at Moulanville the Germans started an attack. The first warning of this that we got was the flaring up of the red rockets, a signal for an attack. When we saw these we knew that it would be impossible for us to return until after it was over. We therefore ducked down into the nearest dugout and stayed there until it was over, which was nearly an hour later. The whole ground kept vibrating from the continual breaking of the big shells. We knew that we were safe in our dugout unless a shell landed right on top of it; but we were not at all sure that one wouldn't, because they were breaking all around. My car was standing right out in the open road, and I was expecting to see it wrecked any minute. Luckily, it wasn't touched by any big pieces, although the woodwork was pierced in several places by small pieces. I found several pieces of shell in my car.

After the Germans finished attacking we left with our load. Before we had gone more than 500 yards the French began their counter-attack. Although we were in no danger from this, I was very nervous because the noise was nearly unbearable. My head was simply splitting, and the blessés in the back of my car were yelling to go as fast as I could. I was certainly glad when I arrived at Dugny again. The blessés shook us both by the hands when we left them, and told us that we had just made a run which no French ambulance would have made, and they said that they sincerely hoped we would stay connected with their division. This, of course, made us feel very well, and we felt that we had really helped out, because unless an ambulance went up to this poste there would be no way of getting the wounded down and they would probably have to stay there for days before their wounds were rightly attended to.

Monday, July 31st

There is something in the air, and we are all very worried as to what is going to be done with our section. All day long troops have been simply pouring back from the Verdun front, and others have been passing toward the front to relieve them. The troops going up are all Colonials, darkies, Arabs, Africans, and also some of the Foreign Legion. These troops are used solely for the purpose of attacking. They

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN
On the outskirts of the fortifications of Verdun

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AN OBSERVATION BALLOON

The French have made great use of these balloons for directing the *tire de barrage* or curtain of fire

are all equipped with long trench knives, in addition to their regular guns and bayonets All this seems to indicate that there is going to be a big attack on this front. In addition to all these movements of troops, the General and all his staff, along with the base hospital and all its orderlies and doctors, are leaving Dugny for somewhere else on the front. They are all being replaced by some other division. General Joffre himself was around here with all his staff. All these things are very unusual. The soldiers around here are also worried. They know very well that something is wrong; but what it is, they seem to have no idea.

The reason that we are completely at a loss as to what we are going to do is because we have received absolutely no further orders. Last evening we were relieved from our work by another section, and are now doing nothing. If we stick with this division we will undoubtedly leave here to-morrow or the next day. However, there is also some hitch in this idea, because the General and his staff are always the last to leave a place and they have already received their orders, whereas we have received none. We are all certainly praying that they will come quick, because if they don't it simply means that we will stay here and get mixed up in this attack. If this happens we are looking for a terrible amount of work, because an attack is always sure to bring a large number of blessés.

Monday, August 7th

This morning at 1:30 I was pulled out of bed to go to Cabaret. When I left Dugny the firing was very heavy. After I had passed through the woods just outside of Verdun, the shells began landing all around the road. The French batteries were roaring, and the place was certainly noisy. Just before I got to Cabaret, I was held up by a block of convoy wagons. I jumped out of the car and ran on ahead to see what the trouble was. When I arrived at the cause of the hold-up a sight met my eyes which I will not forget for some time. Lying right in the middle of the road was a wagon all smashed to pieces, and beside it four men, simply torn to pieces. One had his head just hanging by a shred, while another had his two legs blown off, just below his waist. The other two were just scattered all over the road. I helped with the job of cleaning away the wreckage and carrying what was left of the bodies into our poste de secours. I then went back and got my car, and went on up to the poste. The bombardment of the roads kept

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up all the rest of the night. However, I made nine trips back and forth. This kept me going until 11 A. M.

It is now almost sure that we are to leave here the day after to-morrow for a poste in the Les Eparges district.

Tuesday, August 8th

To-day I had my first real experience with mitrailleuse fire. This morning at about 11 o'clock a call came in for one car up to an advanced poste, to which we had never been before. Fred Forbush was on call, but Mason said that he wanted two men on the car just for safety's sake, so I went along with him. The poste was situated fully 150 yards in front of Fort Tavannes, and was closer to the lines than any to which we have ever been sent. Until we got up to Tavannes, things went along all right, but as soon as we passed the fort and started down the hill in front, things immediately livened up. The whole side of the hill was covered with puffs of white smoke, caused by the breaking of German shells. We got down to our poste and picked up our wounded. Just as we were going to start, all the men around us began yelling at us to hurry out of the car and get into the dugout. We didn't have any idea of what was happening until we got into the dugout and heard the mitrailleuse rapid-fire guns, spattering. We could follow the course of their curtain fire from the door of the dugout. It extended for very nearly a mile. From where we were, we could see it coming closer and closer until it passed right over our dugout, and for about 500 yards beyond. It looked as if a slight puff of wind was stirring the trees. The steady rain of bullets shook the trees and completely wiped out all the small bushes. Of course, these small bullets couldn't penetrate our dugouts, but when we came out after it was all over we found that one of our front tires had been punctured. We fixed it right there, and then came back to Dugny, without having anything more happen. When we were passing Cabaret, on the way down, we were stopped there by the doctor, who made us take another blessé who was in a very serious condition. We took him on, but when we arrived at Dugny the poor fellow was dead. It was just as well, however, because he had one arm and one leg shot off and his face was more than half gone.

To-night at supper our lieutenant told us that it would only be a matter of a few days before we leave here for Les Eparges. While there we are going to be situated in a little town named Somme Dieu. He also told us that the work there is a great deal easier than it is here. We will have only one poste de secours to cover. All this work will have to be done at night, because it is quite close to the lines. During the day we will have to evacuate from Somme Dieu back. It will, of course, be night and day driving, but from what I hear there are only very few blessés each night, so about two cars a night ought to be able to take care of the work, and these two drivers will be able to sleep all the following day, while the other eighteen cars will take care of the evacuating. Our lieutenant does not seem to think that we will be kept there long, because he says there is no need of such a large ambulance section in such a quiet place. He has already spoken to the officers in command of our division, telling them that we would like to go to the Somme, if possible. They said that if the division goes there we will very likely go with them; but they said that they wanted our section with their division, so we would follow them wherever we went.

(NOTE: *In January, 1917, Mr. Keogh returned to France to rejoin the American Ambulance and received the Croix de Guerre for exceptional bravery instead of the Medaille Militaire, as stated in the first instalment which appeared in the June issue of the Magazine.*—THE EDITORS)

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THE PRESIDENT DEDICATES THE RED CROSS HEADQUARTERS

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On May 12th President Wilson formally dedicated the new National Headquarters of the American Red Cross Society at Washington. After the ceremony the President, with former President William H. Taft, reviewed a parade of more than 1,000 uniformed women—the first occasion, it is said, on which a President of the United States has officially reviewed a body of women forming part of a Government institution. With Mr. Wilson in the reviewing stand among others are Mr. Robert W. de Forest, Vice-President of the Red Cross, ex-President Taft, Chairman of the Central Committee of the Red Cross, Mrs. Wilson, and Major General Hugh L. Scott

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FIRST AID TO THE UNCONSCIOUS

BY

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

THE surgeon, who is our chief source of information for the material contained in this series on first aid, opened his Red Cross text book to the chapter on "Unconsciousness," and carefully checked it, sentence by sentence, for accuracy. Then he turned back to the first page, spread the book open on his desk and reached for a pencil and a pad of note paper.

"All true to the letter," he observed, "but I wonder if it's all true to the spirit? Do you get the impression after reading this chapter that the diagnosis of unconsciousness is rarely difficult if you know all the rules? Let me tell you from experience, then, that cases in this classification often baffle the most expert. Don't get it into your head that the subject is one which is all cut and dried. Sometimes you can tell what is wrong and sometimes you can't. Beware of feeling cocksure and never delay about calling a doctor if you have the slightest doubts about the nature of the case. In cases of unconsciousness produced by severe shocks, suffocation, poisoning, sunstroke, or bleeding, every moment is precious and you must set energetically to work yourself while the doctor is on the way. But usually the best service the first aid man can render is to make the patient as comfortable as possible and to learn as much as he can about the history and the nature of the case through close observation and inquiries.

"Note carefully a choice of words that the text book makes in speaking of unconsciousness: 'Perhaps no condition which the first aid student may be called upon to treat may prove more *puzzling!*' Sometimes the condition is more than puzzling—it is baffling. But perhaps the point to emphasize is that to make a correct diagnosis of the *cause* of the knock-out is a great deal more difficult than the comparatively simple operations of administering first aid treatment. The commonest causes of insensibility number not more than a dozen—bleeding, shock, electric shock, sunstroke and heat exhaustion, freezing, fainting, fits, apoplexy (or injury to the brain), alcoholism and a few forms of poisoning.

A VICTIM OF APOPLEXY

In case of apoplexy or injury to the brain, the head and shoulders should be raised; beware of administering stimulants; place cold cloths to the head and see that the patient gets rest and quiet—preferably in a dark room

"How to detect and how to treat cases of bleeding and of shock are matters that we have discussed before. Electric shock should carry its own evidence, and the first aid treatment is artificial respiration. The diagnosis of sunstroke, heat exhaustion and freezing should not be difficult and common sense dictates the proper procedure—do what you can to raise or to lower the patient's temperature toward normal.

"We have on another occasion discussed fainting. It should not be necessary here to do much more than throw out a reminder that the cause is a lack of blood to the brain. Consequently, the proper treatment is *not* to raise the head. A hint or two from the text book is worth remembering: 'You sometimes can prevent fainting by having the person who feels faint double over so that the head is between the knees. If this is not effective at once do not continue. Air, especially cold air, and cold water often prevent actual fainting when a person feels faint. If a patient has actually fainted, put him in a lying-down position with his head lower than the rest of his body, so that the brain will receive more blood.'"

Of fits the surgeon had little to say except

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PREVENT THE VICTIM OF FITS FROM INJURING HIMSELF

There is little to do in a case of fits. Wrap a handkerchief around some convenient object and place it in the patient's mouth to prevent his injuring his tongue. Do not try to prevent the convulsions

in the way of reassurance that they are not as serious as they appear to be and usually are comparatively easy to treat. They are not difficult to identify—jerking, convulsive movements of the limbs, resulting in disarranged clothing; the eyes roll; the patient may foam at the mouth and bite his tongue. "Very rarely are they fatal. There is little to do but to wrap a handkerchief around some object that happens to be convenient and place it in the patient's mouth to protect him from injuring his tongue. Do not try to prevent the convulsions. Simply place him on the ground where he cannot bruise himself by his movements."

The treatment for apoplexy or for injury to the brain is, from the first aid viewpoint, ticklish business. The head and shoulders must be raised, not lowered as in treating a fainting spell. Make all speed in getting a doctor; beware of administering any stimulants; place ice or cold cloths to the head and take great pains to see that the patient gets rest and quiet—"in a dark room, if possible." Do not make the mistake, our surgeon cautions, of supposing that apoplexy is peculiar to heavy-set persons of florid face. Even though the breath may suggest that the man has been drinking, do not make hasty surmises: "the person with apoplexy may have been drinking," or some one in the crowd may have given him a stimulant after the accident. In handling many cases of unconsciousness you are on ground that may baffle the medical man. It is not uncommon, as our police department blotters show, for a man with apoplexy to be locked up as a "common drunk" and to die later on in a cell.

The text book gives the following description of the symptoms of alcoholic poisoning: "Perhaps evidence of intoxication. Unconsciousness partial or complete; frequently able to arouse patient to some extent. Face sometimes flushed and bloated, or may be pale. Skin cool and may be moist. Pupils natural or large. Eyeballs red, but not insensitive to touch. Breathing about as usual when in deep sleep. Pulse, usually rapid and weak, but may be slow. May be strong odor of liquor. No paralysis."

Remember, you are dealing with a poison—the poison of alcohol—when you treat drunkenness. That is why the prescription is to cause the patient to vomit by tickling the back of his throat, or by administering an emetic of mustard and water or a large quantity of lukewarm water. The idea is to rid his body of as much of the poison as possible. But while this is the right course for alcoholism; it would cause bleeding into the brain if the patient were apoplectic.

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FIRST AID TO THE UNCONSCIOUS

In cases of poisoning get a doctor at once. Memorize as much as you can about the common varieties of poison and their antidotes

In dealing with poisons other than alcohol, do not suppose that an emetic is always the best treatment. The text book put the case this way: "Nevertheless, it (an emetic) should always be given if you do not know what poison has been taken and the proper antidote." Our surgeon's advice is to memorize as much as you can about the common varieties of poisons and their antidotes, but to place no more dependence upon your own judgment than is absolutely necessary. The first duty is to get a doctor to the patient with the greatest haste. A little table may help to keep the classifications straight in your mind. Make one out like the one at the bottom of the page.

Making out the table will help you to memorize its facts. After you have learned them, you will not, of course, presume that this rudimentary knowledge of what to do in an extreme emergency makes you competent to dispense with the services of a doctor for poison cases. Your first duty in such cases *always* is to get a medical man to the patient as quickly as possible.

NATURE OF POISON	SYMPTOMS	TREATMENT
Corrosive	Burning effect on lips and mouth; stains	Best not to give an emetic where a stain is evidenced
Carbolic acid	Mouth burned black or white	Alcohol and water; 3 or 4 raw eggs; castor or sweet oil
Sulphuric acid, etc.	Mouth burned black or white	An alkali, such as baking soda
Strong alkalies	Mouth burned black or white	Give vinegar, lemon or orange juice
Irritant poisons (Such as Paris Green)	Do not stain lips, etc.	An emetic and stimulants required
Nerve poisons Opium, morphine, laudanum, etc.	Do not stain. Pupils of eyes very small; sleepiness, later insensibility, etc.	Require an emetic; keep patient awake and moving if he is strong enough. Slap with a wet towel; administer hot strong coffee

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